C-221-5-4

Wm Bronscombe 30203

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVII. No. 29. MONTREAL, JULY 18, 1902. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

The Women of Scandinavia.

('Minneapolis Journal.')

As in most countries where the struggle for existence is keen, where a rigorous climate and an unfruitful soil have minimized luxury, the women of Scandinavia inherit with their brothers vigor of mind and body. Tall, finely proportioned, with regular features and a much less Slavonic cast of countenance, one sees everywhere, in city and village, splendid types of beauty which are by no means confined to the lower classes. The women are the fairest types of blondes, with yellow, silken hair, blue eyes and good figures, enhanced among the peasantry by the picturesque national dress of blue and scarlet, with white bodice, peasant waist and coquettish white cap. With this costume antique silver ornaments are worn, pins, chains and brooches, not unlike those of the Swiss, which represent no small part of the family wealth.

A NORWEGIAN GIRL.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Salic law in Norway has barred the succession of a woman to the throne, women, nevertheless, have enjoyed a remarkable degree of freedom and authority, due in part at least to their physical and intellectual force.

SCHOOLS OF NORWAY.

There is a three-fold system of government schools, to which girls are admitted on equal footing with boys, although they are instructed separately—in the lower grades by women and in the upper—grammar and high schools—by instructors of both sexes. In the higher schools tuition is paid, and religious teaching is compulsory, regular examinations being conducted by Lutheran clergymen—the exponents of the national faith. Women are also admitted to the technical schools, where they largely devote themselves to the decorative arts, although a few, of late years, have given evidence of decided ability in the study of architecture.

As in other countries, they have shown signal ability as trained nurses and in medicine—practicing among women and children.

Society is divided into distinct gradations, as elsewhere throughout the world, in which the old nobility take precedence, the clergy and the wealthy manufacturers and tradesmen ranking second and third. Extreme deference is paid to rank and position, the great lady of the community monopolizing an undue share of honors and attention, to which, frequently, her natural acquirements would not entitle her.

EATING AND DRINKING.

The vast amount of eating and drinking which goes on everywhere makes abundant work for the housekeeper and servants. So far as this refreshment can be classified by the foreigner, there are, first, the rolls and coffee served in one's room at 7; breakfast at 9, which is a generous and substantial meal; a light luncheon at 12; dinner at 2; coffee again at 4; supper at 7, and, if the pangs of hunger must again be allayed, a moderate luncheon is sent to one's room before retiring. Of course, the cold climate permits this frequent eating, but it is difficult to believe that it is absolutely necessary.

SPEAK ENGLISH.

There is, in and around Christiania, an American aspect that is a continual surprise; the marked difference being the beautiful cleanliness of the parks and the streets. Women are occupied in business everywhere, and everywhere, in shops and hotels, the women in charge speak English with wonderful fluency and correctness, for it is a language that they are taught from early childhood in their schools. Like the women of Sweden, they dress with great taste, and the clothing of the very poorest is clean and whole. The fish wives in the market are the very antithesis of those of Billingsgate, London. With their neat black stuff gowns, black straw hats—the broad brims tied down with white kerchief—their fair skins, bright eyes and cheeks like roses, they are as attractive in manners as in appearance.

On the farms, strong, rugged girls do more than their share of the work, since they must not only help in the planting and harvesting, but prepare the food for the family, take charge of the dairy and make and mend the clothing, which, it seems, is never permitted to become shabby or ragged. Sympathy is wasted upon them, however, for they themselves would be the first to repudiate it, since their free, natural life has endowed them with the strength to perform easily whatever share of the labor may have been allotted to them. The stout peasant, with sturdy muscles that a man might envy, climbing the incline—not a ladder—up the wall of a growing building, handles her burden of mortar easily, erect as a ship's mast. It is probable that, if consulted, she would not change places with her feeble sister shut up in a sweltering kitchen, with her back bent over a steaming washtub or a red-hot kitchen stove. The fisherwomen, too, assist with the nets, landing them, sorting and

curing the catch; and they also live to ripe and vigorous old age.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Within the past year Norway has conferred municipal suffrage upon women. Those who have reached the age of 25, and have been householders—rate payers and taxpayers—for five years, with an annual income of not less than $81; or who have husbands who pay taxes upon this amount, are now qualified to vote in municipal elections. An unmarried woman living with her parents is disfranchised unless she, too, has an income equalling the sum fixed by the law—the newly amended law being based upon a property qualification, with no distinction as regards sex. The exercise of the franchise, as a matter of course, qualifies Norwegian women for holding any office in the gift of the municipal authorities, whose jurisdiction extends to the various departments of public works, the public schools, and even the harbor commission. The agitation, which has been carried on since 1884, has been planned by Miss Gina Krog, who has been called 'the Susan B. Anthony of Norway.'

The reform is the natural outcome of enlightened public opinion and of public sentiment, which liberal thinkers, like Ibsen, have been instrumental in shaping. Miss Krog is a woman about 50 years of age, of much culture and social influence, with the natural gift of leadership. Thoroughly fitted for the work, she has undertaken, she regards her present triumph only as encouragement for future agitation, and is pledged to continue what she has begun, until men and women are equal before the law in every particular.

SOME SWEDISH PECULIARITIES.

With a climate rather colder than that of Norway, the life of Sweden differs somewhat from that of its progressive neighbors. Being the real residence of the court, which visits Christiania only at stated seasons, the social life is more conventional, although the rulers, since the first Bernadotte, have become more and more democratic. Not only is the palace thrown open on certain days to the general public, but processions of inquisitive foreigners and loyal subjects are conducted through the private rooms where the king has been reading an hour before, and the queen's work basket and her sewing implements are standing just as she left them upon her table.

The schools, like those of Norway, are graded, and the sexes are taught separately, the course being practically the same for both. In this home of Sloyde, girls as well as boys are carefully trained in the use of tools, the plane and chisel, the saw and lathe, and they acquire much skill in all sorts of joiners' and carpenters' work. On the farms, also, they help in all the out-of door work, as well as looking after the dairy and the housekeeping. There are fewer women employed in the shops, apparently, than in Norway, but they manage restaurants and hotels, where they are often placed in authority over a corps of waiters.

THE LOVE OF FESTIVALS.

The great festival seasons are Easter, Whitsuntide and Christmas, which are celebrated with church-going, feasting, visiting, and gift-making. Skating and sleighing are the chief recreations during the long winters, in which people of all classes participate; and in this sport women of all ages and conditions, as in Holland, become very proficient. The love of music is almost universal, and, while the country has given some great artists to the world, there are to be found in every town and hamlet many who, although they will never achieve either fame or fortune, have voices which would be considered phenomenal. Chorus singing, the wonderful folk songs, are a part of all gala making, without which fair or festival would be incomplete.

A few women have left their lasting impression upon the literature of Sweden. The most noted of the older school were Charlotta Nordenfly, and Anna Maria Lenugren, the poet, who is usually compared to Mrs. Hemans. Frederika Bremer, who is remembered by the lovers of delightful books through Mary Howitt's translations of her novels and her letters, 'Homes of the New World,' has been accredited to Sweden, but was in reality a native of Finland.

The more liberal educational advantages are developing artists and writers of talent, who no longer have to overcome the opposition that once met them on every hand. Among the new school of writers Selma Lagerlof takes high rank. Her 'Story of a Country House,' which has been recently translated into English by Jessie Brochner, gives one a clear insight into the daily life and genius of her fellow countrymen.

WOMEN OF DENMARK.

The Danes, as a nation, have little love for their northern neighbors. Inheritors of a land of level fields and pastures, with a fertile soil, the Danes find life somewhat less difficult than it is for all who dwell beyond the stormy Skagerrack and Cattegat. Their closer proximity to the other countries of Europe seems to have checked the development of the freer spirit of the northern countries. There is amongst them, however, a marked artistic spirit, which, given any scope, manifests itself often surprisingly, and it is to be found amongst the peasantry as often as elsewhere.

Danish women almost equal the French as cooks, and it is imperative that every girl shall be thoroughly trained, not only in this branch of domestic art, but in sewing, knitting, darning and mending, all their schooling and training tending to fit them, not for an independent career, which it must be confessed comparatively few of them regard with favor, but for good housewives.

Even the queen, who is the mother of the present queen of England, did not depart from this rule. The family was poor, and although the royal mother married her handsome daughters into half the reigning families of Europe, she had them taught to trim their own bonnets and cut and make their own gowns. And it is an accomplishment which, it is said, Queen Alexandra has passed on to her own daughters.

Bible Study.

('Northwestern Christian Advocate.')

But after all that critics and translators and expositors have done or can do to help us in the study of the Bible, we must not allow their helpful labors, great as they be, to become a substitute for faithful and devout inquiries of our own. The glory of these Scriptures is that in the main they are self-interpreting. No translation of them ever made has been so defective that an earnest seeker after the truth need fail in finding therein the way of eternal life. The old Greek Septuagint, the Latin Vulgate, the Douay version and all modern versions, in whatever language, all contain in substance the same divine and blessed word of God.

It is to be feared that many waste more time in the perusal of so called Bible and lesson helps than would be sufficient to master the main contents of the Bible itself. It is better to read the Acts of the Apostles through ten times, without any commentary or lesson help, than to read it once alone with ten commentaries. There are, indeed, many obscurities in all the sacred books. But they are comparatively so few and withal so incidental, that the ordinary reader may pass them over and lay hold on the many and great truths which are not difficult to apprehend. For the abiding profitableness of the holy Scripture is not in fragments of ancient history which it here and there records, not in reporting manners and customs of oriental lands, nor in the lists of names and places which have been incidentally preserved from oblivion, but rather, as the apostle admonishes us, these scriptures are supremely profitable and divinely intended 'for doctrine, for correction, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may thus become perfect and completely furnished for every good work.' The Bible is our great text-book of religion. We search these Scriptures with the conviction that we find therein the blessed lessons of eternal life. The experiences, the confessions, the songs, the parables, the proverbs, the prophecies of holy men of old, are living witnesses to all ages that the eternal God loves the world and has made wonderful and unspeakable manifestations of his truth and grace to men.

We should give most cordial welcome to all that helps us to a more thorough understanding of these lively oracles. In the holy Scriptures we find history and biography and poetry and song and oratory and proverb and parable and epistle and gospel memoirs, all alive with heavenly glow. Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Moses and Samuel and Isaiah and Paul and, best of all, Jesus the Christ, speak to us from these holy writings and the messages they bring us are full of spirit and of life. Happy they who from childhood have, like Paul, 'known the sacred writings, which are able to make one wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.'

God With Us.

In an article on Tennyson in the 'Contemporary Review' by his niece, Agnes Grace Wells, she says, 'Nothing that others ever spoke to me made the impression upon me that his words and manner did when he would say to me, in exactly the same natural way as a child would express his delight at his father making him his companion: "God is with us now on this down as we two are walking together, just as truly as Christ was with the two disciples on the way to Emmaus; we cannot see him; but he, the Father and the Saviour and the Spirit, is nearer perhaps now than then, to those who are not afraid to believe the words of the apostles about the actual and real presence of God and his Christ with all who yearn for it." I said I thought such a near actual presence would be awful to most people. "Surely the love of God takes away and makes us forget all our fear," he answered. "I should be sorely afraid to live out my life without God's presence; but to feel that he is by my side now, just as much as you are, that is the very joy of my heart.' And I looked on Tennyson as he spoke, and the glory of God rested upon his face, and I felt that the presence of the Most High had, indeed, overshadowed him.'

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Parson's Place

(By Annie Hamilton Donnell, in 'Youth's Companion.')

The girl's eyes followed the train wistfully, until only a film of smoke was left hanging in the still air. Then she turned and faced the desolate little station.

'I believe I'm marooned!' she groaned. 'There isn't a soul in—yes, there's a boy. Have I got to ask him for help?'

The boy was brown—very brown. His trousers were crammed carelessly into big top-boots, and the boots were muddy. The boy was big and awkward and bashful. He sidled away down the deserted platform, as if to escape as soon as possible. He did not look up once.

'Oh, wait! Please wait a moment!' the girl cried, hastily. 'There's nobody else to ask. Won't you please tell me if this is Cutler? I'm afraid I got off at the wrong place.'

IN AN AGONY OF BASHFULNESS.

The boy's abrupt stop and the girl's impetuous chase had brought them close together—too close for the dainty summer skirts. The girl involuntarily twitched them away from contact with the big, muddy boots. She did not see the blood rush to the boy's tanned face, staining it a rich mahogany hue.

'Have I made a mistake? Oh, I hope I have—no, I guess I don't mean that, but it's so—so dreadful here!'

'This is Cutler!' the boy muttered, stiffly. 'But it's not the village. That's over there four miles.' He pointed with his thumb.

'Four miles! Then there must be a stage. I don't see any. Oh, it hasn't gone, has it?'

'There isn't any stage that meets this train. There's one in the morning.'

'Not any stage!'

The girl's voice showed distress. A trail of muddy roadway stretched away before her, and her eyes followed it despairingly.

Terry Quinn's heart melted. 'How far are you calculating to go? I don't know but I could take you a piece,' he said, suddenly. 'I live this side of the village a little way.'

'I am going to the Parsons place. Do you know where it is?'

The Parsons place! A picture of it, abandoned and forlorn, rose before the boy, and he contrasted it mentally with the beautiful, delicate girl before him.

'Yes, I know where it is,' he said. 'You can go along with me if you want to. I've got a load of grain, so I shall have to go slow.'

'Oh, I don't mind going slow!' the girl cried, gratefully. 'You are very kind.'

An old farm-waggon loaded with grain-bags stood near. She had hard work to clamber up to its high seat.

They rattled away down the muddy road, lurching into ruts and swaying over stones. The girl's eyes grew wide with alarm.

Terry Quinn sat on the edge of his seat, and gazed straight ahead in an agony of bashfulness. At intervals he slipped a little farther away from the dainty figure beside him, until the vacant space on the seat had widened absurdly.

He was sure the girl was laughing at it. He was sure she was afraid of his muddy boots and coarse clothes. Suppose he spilled her out. Suppose she got her skirts all floury from the bags! Suppose she wanted to talk!

The girl sat looking down the road. Her sweet face grew more sober every minute. She was thinking of her mother and Molly and the unknown Parsons place. At last she could bear it no longer.

'Is it—nice?' she asked, suddenly, startling the color into the boy's brown face. 'The Parsons place, I mean.'

Terry had the dismal picture still in his mind. The Parsons place was unrepaired, uninhabited. He remembered the tall weeds and grass in the dooryard, and the broken windows and the gate that sagged on its hinges. For ten years the Parsons place had been abandoned.

'Is it painted white with green blinds!' the girl persisted. 'Are there beautiful trees? And rose-bushes? Is there a view? I shall be so glad if there's a piazza! We could wheel mother's couch out on it, and she could lie there all the pleasant days and get well. That's what we're coming here for. The doctors said she—could not be any better in the city. It's awful in the city in summer.'

The boy made no answer, and attributing his silence to bashfulness, she continued:

'This place—the Parsons place—was left to us a year ago in a will. Now that mother is sick, we are very glad of it, because the doctors say she must be in the country. I've come to see about getting the house opened and aired. Then I'm going back for them all.'

'Where were you expecting to stop to-night?' questioned the boy, awkwardly. She turned upon him in puzzled wonder at the question.

'Why, at the hotel, I suppose. I hadn't thought, but that's where I shall go, of course. Is it near the Parsons place?'

Terry Quinn felt a wild desire to laugh. The idea of a hotel near the Parsons place was too much for him. But a side glance at the wistful, girlish face sobered him.

'There isn't any hotel hereabouts,' he said.

'No hotel Why, I thought of course—Oh, I don't see what I am going to do!'

'Mother'll take you in, I guess,' interrupted Terry, hurriedly. 'We live close by. She'll see to you. Mother's great.'

In the instant of offering the girl the hospitality of his own home, another idea had occurred to Terry Quinn. He sat on the edge of his seat, driving the old white mare at a snail's pace, and thought it all out to his satisfaction.

It was growing late. The soft June dusk was settling lightly over the land. The girl's impatience nearly asserted itself. It would be too late to see the Parsons place!

'We've got the key at our house,' Terry announced, with startling abruptness. 'We've always kept it. You'd better not try to go down to the house till to-morrow. It—it needs daylight to see it anyways well. Mother'll go along with you in the morning. Mother's great.'

He had said that before. The girl smiled to herself wearily.

They were jogging by a little unpainted, uninhabited house set in weeds and neglect. The girl shuddered.

'Oh, I hope it won't look like that! That's dreadful!' she said. 'If it looked like that I shall—cry!'

Terry whipped up the old white mare hastily, and drove away from the dreary place. In another five minutes he had stopped in front of a cheerful little house hugged by vines and roses. His mother was in the doorway.

'Oh, yes, she's "great"!' the girl thought, as she lay up-stairs in a big, soft bed. 'She's beautiful. She helps out the Parsons place,

no matter what it's like. And that boy—well, he's pretty nice, even if he is muddy outside.'

Downstairs Terry and his mother were talking things over. Mrs. Quinn approved of the plan, but was not three o'clock earlier than need be?

'I'll need all that time,' the boy said. 'I guess you haven't been down to the Parsons place very lately, mother. It's a sight.'

'Yes, I know. Poor dear, it was a mercy she did not know it to-night!'

At three o'clock the next morning the boy and the birds were up. Terry went straight to the Parsons place, encumbered with a scythe and a rake and various other tools.

He whistled under his breath till he got past the house; then he broke out into clear, shrill melody. The birds answered jubilantly.

For an hour, two hours, the boy toiled. Gradually the unkempt little front yard took on a kind of trimness. The tall weeds and grass-blades fell before the sturdy swing of the scythe, and the straggling bushes began to look more neat. There were left untouched only the flaunting hollyhocks and bouncing-bets.

'They're too pretty to cut down,' thought Terry. 'Maybe she'll like 'em. I do.'

The precious time sped by, but Terry had made his plans carefully. He righted the sagging gate. He raked up the grass, and concealed it beneath the bushes. He even had time to mend some of the broken windows.

And as a finishing touch he painted the brown old pump a marvellous, celestial blue! That was his final triumph. He stood back and gazed entranced at the work of his brush.

'It looks great,' he muttered, 'but I hope she won't want a drink, It's got a heap of drier in it, but it won't dry as quick as that. There's mother blowing the horn! I've got to hurry home to breakfast.'

Mrs. Quinn went with the girl to the Parsons place. In her crisp-starched sunbonnet and print dress, she plodded heavily beside the slender, girlish figure.

All things were favorable this morning. Nature abetted the boy in his kind little plan. What had looked dreary and unattractive the previous night looked bright and pleasant under the spell of the clear, new day. And the girl did not recognize the Parsons place in its new dress. She thought she had never seen it before.

'What a queer little place!' she said, as they approached it. 'But it looks as if somebody cared for it. I rather like it.'

'This is the Parsons place,' said Mrs. Quinn.

'The Parsons place? This? Oh! Oh, I thought it would be—different! I didn't know it was going to be little and—and—queer.'

She gazed about her almost in horror. But gradually the neat yard and trimmed bushes—the bouncing-bets and the nodding hollyhocks—appealed to her. The little place grew pleasanter to her, and she nodded slowly.

'But I rather like it,' she said. 'It looks as if somebody cared—not lonely and neglected like one I saw last night. Oh, I couldn't have borne that! Yes, I like the flowers and the bushes—there's a shady place for mother's couch. Molly could keep house over there, among the thick bushes. There could be soft, full curtains at the windows and chairs set round in the yard, and the air is wonderfully sweet.'

But oh! but oh, the pump! Was anything ever bluer? The girl went cautiously up to the brilliant apparition, but Mrs. Quinn called her back in a panic.

'Look out!' she warned. 'Terry's just—I mean somebody's just been painting that, You'll get all blued up, my dear.'

Terry had just—somebody had just been painting the pump! Queer! Queer anybody should take pains to paint an abandoned pump!

'But it isn't so queer as the pump itself,' the girl thought. 'I don't wonder that somebody took pains! I wonder if it could have been—I believe it was! And the grass, of course he cut that. That's why it's so short.' She wheeled and faced Mrs. Quinn with shining eyes.

'I believe somebody has done all this!' she cried. 'I believe it was your boy!'

'Terry's a good boy,' murmured his mother, smiling.

'He's "great,"' the girl said, with an unsteady little laugh, 'but I don't believe he'd want me to thank him—'

'No!' Mrs. Quinn cried, with gentle emphasis. 'Dear heart, no, Terry wouldn't!'

'Then you must do it for me. Tell him it has made all the difference in the world. Tell him I like the Parsons place—and the pump is beautiful! I never knew what the country was like before, or a country boy. I'm glad I know now!'

The sweet June days led by in their tender, lingering way. Before they were quite gone the invalid mother was at the Parsons place, and already her thin cheeks were taking a faint hint of color from the wonderful country air. Molly was housekeeping under the syringas, and the girl was housekeeping indoors. The Parsons place was alive again.

Down the road a little way Terry whistled cheerfully about his homely work, and grew browner still. He had forgotten that he had ever done anything to help anybody, but the girl did not forget it.

The Living Temple.

Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built His blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen:
Look in upon thy wondrous frame—
Eternal wisdom still the same!
The smooth, soft air, with pulse-like waves,
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,

Whose streams of brightening purple rush
Fired with a new and livelier blush,
While all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with Nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds,
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes for the sovereign will;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads.

O Father! grant Thy love divine
To make these mystic temples Thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust Thy mercy warms,
And mould it into heavenly forms!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Make up, or Smooth Over.

(By Mrs. A. H. Bronson, in 'The Standard.')

'Why, what is the matter with you, Ernest,' said mamma, as he came into the house after school one day, and instead of his usual pleasant salutation and a merry whistle and the careful putting away of books, he threw them into the first chair, without a word of explanation. 'Oh, nothing much, mother,' he said at last, 'only Joe and I have quarrelled, and are never, never going to speak to each other again.'

To this astonishing announcement Mrs. Barton made no reply, but kept on with the sewing she was doing when Ernest came in. After a time, it seemed like a week to the troubled boy, she asked: 'And how are you going to get along without each other?'

'Oh, I guess we can manage; he can go his way, I mine, and—'

'But you both go the same way, not only to school, but to town, and the ball game and everything; it will seem very queer, won't it, to walk along so near each other and never say a word or have a race or help each other?'

'Yes, I suppose it will,' said Ernest, his color, which had been unnaturally high, cooling down, and his voice, which had been high and rasping becoming more gentle. 'But, mamma, a fellow can't stand everything, you know, and——'

'Well,' said mamma, after a pause, 'well, what?'

'Oh, I don't know; I guess I was a little bit too hasty in saying "never," but not for ever so long. Joe's got to 'pologize first.'

'Sure of that?' said mamma, and as Ernest did not reply, she began singing; singing when her boy was so unhappy—why, it seemed cruel to him; why didn't she inquire what Joe had said or done? But no, she just threaded her needle and sang, 'There is a happy land, far, far away.' Very far indeed it seemed to poor Ernest, sitting there, tired, hungry and so miserable. His mother's voice soothed him, however, in spite of its cruelty, and so after a few minutes he got up, picked up his cap and books and went to his room. There he sank down on the floor beside the open window and went to sleep.

It was not a long nap, for Mousie crept in and sat down beside him, purring so loudly she woke him up. But he felt better and patting his faithful friend, got up, just as the dinner bell rang. Hastily bathing his face and hands and giving his disarranged hair a hasty brush, he took kitty in his arms and went down stairs. His father and mother and little sister Bess were at the table, and as he took his seat he felt somehow as if a partition were between himself and the rest of the family. His father was very polite, however, and asked, 'And what will you have, my son?' And mamma looked kindly at him and said, 'Would you like this jelly, Ernest?' Yet somehow the voice and the look did not seem like hers, and everything seemed to choke him.

He managed to get through the meal somehow, before the rest, quite unlike the usual custom, and asked to be excused. 'Certainly,' said mamma, very politely, but Ernest felt hurt by it. 'She feels glad to have me go,' he thought, 'and didn't seem a bit worried 'cause I didn't want any dessert.' He went out very unhappy, and sat down on the piazza steps. Always after dinner he and Joe used to meet on the open space near their houses, and there was Joe now sitting on the steps and looking as if he didn't know what to do with himself either.

When the buggy was driven up and his father, who was a doctor, came out and stepped in, and started the horse, but then stopped it, saying, 'Want to take a ride, my son?' Oh, how glad Ernest was to get away from his own thoughts and the sight of Joe, perhaps, but oh, dear, when they came near Joe's cottage, where he and his widowed mother lived, the doctor stopped the horse an instant, but then quickly started him again, saying, 'Excuse me; I forgot.'

They were both very quiet; there didn't seem to be as much as usual to talk about. After the doctor's calls, only two, being second calls on very sick patients, they turned towards home. Just as they passed the post-office, Joe came out with the mail, and two big bundles, for his mother was obliged to eke out their income by taking in sewing. Ernest looked at his father, who did not seem to take any notice; he seemed to be looking way off somewhere.

'Papa,' said Ernest, putting his hand on the reins as he spoke, 'please stop. I can run home as well as not, and then you know you can pick up Joe and his big bundles.' And in an instant he was out, running ahead at a good pace.

'Jump in, my boy,' said the doctor kindly. 'Those bundles are too heavy for such small arms, and for a long walk, too.'

'Oh, thank you, sir,' said Joe, climbing in; 'I am sorry though.' 'Oh, never mind that,' said the doctor, laughing, 'it won't hurt him to have a run.' To himself he said: 'The little rascal, he thinks he's doing something big, but I am glad that he has some conscience left.'

The doctor talked with Joe about his studies, and how his garden was coming on, for Joe was very anxious to help his mother and did a good deal of work for so young a boy; but not a word about the quarrel. When Ernest got home he found his mother alone, his father being in his office. 'So you walked,' said she; 'I am glad, for it was too far for Joe, with those heavy bundles.'

'Yes, mamma; and besides I thought it would be a good way to smooth things over, you know.'

'Oh,' said mamma; 'smooth over or make up; which is the best way, do you think?'

'Why, what is the difference, mamma?' said Ernest, slowly. 'What is it?'

'I will let you find out for yourself, my dear,' said his mamma. 'I think that there is a great difference.'

All the next day Ernest kept thinking about it. For his part he thought that Joe should be very grateful to him for getting out of the carriage and so letting him ride, and he expected that he would at least look at him as if he felt so. But he did nothing of the kind; he kept right on his work, even when Ernest came in and took his seat, he did not raise his eyes. At recess, though Ernest lingered a little, Joe was busy putting his desk in order, and then calling 'Tim,' a new boy just moved into town, they went out together and played ball. That night, feeling very sad, and as if he had been really abused by Joe, Ernest went to get into his nice little bed, throwing down the white spread as usual, he uttered an exclamation of surprise. 'Why, mamma,' he called, just come here and see my bed! Mary must have forgotten to make it up!'

'No,' said mamma, coming into the room. 'I told her that I would attend to it myself. It looked all right when I left it.' Ernest stood quite still, regarding first her, then the disordered bed. All at once it dawned upon him. He saw what she had intended him to see, the difference between smoothing over and making up.

'Oh, mamma,' he sobbed, 'I have been a real wicked boy. May I tell you all about it?'

'Certainly,' said mamma, 'I hoped that you would. Perhaps I can help you.'

'You have, mamma, I see now, and I will begin "making up" by telling you, though I'm ashamed to. You see, it was in the spelling class, and little Tim, the newsboy I told you about, he is an awful good speller, but he can't speak very plain, something is the matter with his mouth, I guess. It was his turn, he was at the head and I was next, he spelled the word all right, Joe and I both heard him, but the master didn't, and called out "next," and I spelled it, just as Tim had, only out loud, you know, and so I got above him.

'Well, after school Joe looked real mad, and said "'What did you do that for, Ernest?"

"I did as master told me," I said. "But," said Joe, "you might have held up your hand and explained to master how it was. I should." That made me mad, and I said, "You've no business to talk to me, Joe." "Yes, I have," said he, "and I don't want any boy for my friend who can take advantage of a poor boy like Tim."

'So I said, "Very well, you can take Tim for your friend, and we won't speak to each other any more." "All right," said he, and then he called to Tim and they went off together.'

'And now,' said mamma, very slowly, as if it hurt her, 'what will you do about it?'

'Why, make up, I suppose,' said Ernest, 'tell Joe that he was right, and ask him to forgive me.'

'Yes,' said mamma, 'but there are others beside Joe to be considered, I should think.'

'Do you mean God, mamma?' said the boy, in a heavy, low voice.

'Yes, first, and then?'

'Oh, do you mean Tim, mamma?'

'Yes, and yet another.'

'Teacher? Oh, mamma, seems as if I could not do that, and he would have to put me back in the class and tell all the school, too!'

'Just like making up a bed,' said mamma —'everything must be taken off and put on right again.'

The next day Ernest came home with a bright face. 'Mamma,' he said, 'it was pretty hard, but I did it.'

'And they all forgave you?'

'Yes, indeed, Joe almost cried for joy. He had felt awful lonesome he said, and little Tim he said it was no matter, nobody hardly ever heard him aright, and teacher shook my hand real kind, and said, "I am glad, my boy, that you have taken the only manly course in atoning for a wrong." Is that the same as making up, I wonder? And then he called Tim up and they talked awhile, and teacher is going to have him come to his house two or three times a week to show him how to talk straight, and so it'll all come out first-rate. But,' he added, 'I guess it will be some time before I get into such a scrape again, it takes such a lot of making up afterwards.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

How Happy Valley Regained its Name.

(By Louisa A'hmuty Nash, in 'Morning Star.')

'Mamma, do let us go to the new Sunday-school to-day!'

'The what, child?' asked his mother, a questionable question, to which she knew the answer.

'The new Sunday-school,' repeated Harry Bartlett. 'Didn't you get one of the little notices from the post-office?'

'What if I did?'—the question being the most convenient to Mrs. Bartlett.

'Why, then you know all about it,' answered the boy ingeniously.

'How should that tiny slip tell me all about it?' she persevered.

'All the rest knew all about it?'

'And who are all the rest?'

'The Holmeses and the Harrises, the Stewarts, and Jansens, and Bergs, and a lot more.'

'Yes, I suppose so. I judged it would be that lot.'

'But that lot won't hurt the Sunday-school,' persevered Harry in his turn. 'Do let us go, mamma! Maude wants to go as much as I do, and Baby May's quite old enough, Mrs. Holmes said so.'

'Mrs. Holmes again! What does she know about it?'

'Well, she's going to let her Olive go. Do let us, like a kind mammy!'

'Maude's got nothing fit to wear. If other people's stock eat up your place, you can't buy clothes!'

'Her school frock's quite good enough, and for sure her new hat is, that grandma sent her,' he argued.

At this moment Maude came into the room with the same entreaty, adding, 'There's going to be lots of nice things there. Mrs. Holmes has lent her baby organ, and we all practiced such pretty singing after school.. Miss Miller played and sang for us. She taught us "There is a happy land," and "Onward, Christian Soldiers." '

Baby May interrupted with, 'And there's going to be lots uv pictures. I see'd outside 'em, and Miss Miller said, "'To-mollow, children, to-mollow!" '

'What do you propose wearing, Maude?' asked her mother, who knew vanity was rather her weak point.

'Miss Miller said,' she returned, 'not to mind; we all looked so nice in our school frocks—'

'Mr. Thorburn's going to organize, and he's a "Reverend," ' Harry informed his mother. 'I don't suppose he'll stick at a speck or two on a girl's frock!'

At any rate, after sundry objections more, and as many more persuasions, the children were given leave to attend the opening of the first Sunday-school in that western backwoods section.

The settlers had come in one by one, and taken up claims, carving out pleasant homesteads in the wilderness, which had been a favorite hunting-ground for reservation Indians.

Some of these settlers had shunted off from their old homes, because they were weary of populous civilization, and these grudged entrance to new comers. They were all friendly enough to co-operate in the building of the Happy Valley schoolhouse, and seeing that summer terms were kept.

The Holmeses—new-comers—aghast at there being no Sunday-school for fifteen or twenty miles round, represented the need to

their church of the nearest city, and Mr. Thorburn's visit was the result.

'The Holmeses don't know where they're at, if they think a Sunday-school can get along here. '"Happy Valley"—a fine name for the locality, ain't it?' remarked Mrs. Grimes to Mrs. Jansen.

'Guess the first comers found it so when they named it, but that was afore the Bartletts comed in. 'Twas them as changed all this!' she answered.

'I never did rightly understand the rights of this here trouble,' put in Mrs. Scot, who was not one of the first, and kept on good terms all round.

'No, nor anybody else, not even the Bartletts theirselves. They do tell that the Harris folks drav their sheep onto Bartlett's place,' said Mrs. Grimes in a confidential whisper, for she was not sure of the sides Mrs. Mecot and one or two standing near ranged themselves on. 'However, Harris claims as how Bartlett's fences are poor, and they broke in, as sheep will.'

'That warn't the worst of the "do tells".' interrupted Mrs. Jansen. 'The worst was that Jim Bartlett found a litter or two of coyotes in his woods, and cared for them—kind o' trained 'em to go after Clin. Harris's sheep and keep 'em in order like. Anyways, they ha'n't been troubling his young orchard since't!'

'You do tell! Miss' Jansen!' broke in the other women all together. Encouraged by her audience, she went on.

'Considering, they say, that Harris's folk sowed a lot of larkspur in their meadows a purpose to poison their young calves, it's not surprising that Miss' Bartlett took it up wi' not speaking to folks. She's not one to let fly much; but she does the head tossing way, and the not speaking. It's got so, Mrs. Scot, that when we gets up any little show, or the boys gives a dance, either here or at Lamite, or Wildwood, folks has to stop and think which can speak to who, and who can't speak to which. It's awk'ard, very—I can toll'ee!'

'Do you suppose Mrs. Bartlell'll let her kids go to Sunday-school, as how its down here in Happy Valley where the thick of the "don't-speaks" live?' asked Mrs. Grimes, with a sly twinkle of her eye.

'There's no tellin'. Kids get their own way pretty much, even if they are Bartlett kids,' answered Mrs. Jansen, the Happy Valley oracle. 'Time'll soon show, and its getting on to the time. There's Miss Miller a playin' away at that organ of Mrs. Holmes's!'

So the women passed their fingers through their bangs and started for the schoolhouse.

The afternoon sun was silvering the 'shake' roof, as the willow leaves, white in the passing breeze, flecked it with dark gray flecks. The burnt timbers stood up gaunt and black on their shaded side, white on their weather-side, that sunshine and rain had played on alike these many years. The young firs, growing up to take their place, when the winter storms should at last have laid them prone behind the green moss, stood in orderly groups on every hillside.

Around the building that could boast no paint nor finish was an animated scene. The big lads were enjoying a 'wrastling' match, the little girls were running races to the schooldoor, and the younger boys were testing their jumping powers over a panel of fence with the top rail off. Wagons, teams, and saddle horses were tied up to the fence with patiently drooping heads.

The children all came in at the school summons, and Mr. Thorburn gave no reprimand for this athletic introduction. He wisely thought that the hearty exercise would make quietness the easier. Inside it was all that the post-office flyers promised—the big picture roll, the organ and hymns, the pleasant talk from the 'Reverend,' and later the organizing of a permanent Sunday-school.

The children carried home their picture leaflets, conned them over during the week, and were glad when Sunday came round again.

After a few weeks, to create a fresh interest, the officer invited a stranger (known to one of them), happening to be passing that way, to come and address the school.

The Golden Text that day was the Beatitude, 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' and Mr. Pringle turned out the picture roll till he found the illustration of Moses trying to settle the dispute of two of his Hebrew brethren. 'He did not succeed in that instance,' he said, 'but still he was blessed. It became the occasion of his going into the wilderness, and there God spoke to him in the burning bush, and prepared him for the wonderful work that was to follow. We can all try to be peacemakers,' he continued, 'children in their homes, when any of their number seem breaking into a quarrel, and in their school—that larger home, where sometimes disputes brew quietly, and burst out later in the playground into a flame.

'In our quiet country neighborhoods, where all nature is glad and rejoices except the neighbors who dwell there, the rancor they nurse in their hearts (often from a supposed injury) mars the beauty of God's works around them. Whoever steps in and succeeds in clasping these distanced hands is blessed; he is Godlike, inasmuch as a child is like his parent. Those who know him and can appreciate his act will recognize him as a child of God. Whoever hastens the time by persuasive argument or by prayer that war shall cease with all its horrors, that man has the blessing of God attached to his name.'

And then Mr. Pringle told some stories that charmed the children, who had not been able to follow all the preceding.

The children were dismissed first, and amused themselves in a quieter way than on the first Sunday. They watched the horses munching the blades of grass within their reach. Harry Bartlett was stroking young Jansen's pony, when a horse, standing near, startled by something, gave a sudden lurch against the pony. He lifted his heel against the hand that stroked him, and gave Harry such a kick that it sent him senseless to the ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris were the first to rush to the spot. Their house was close by and Mr. Harris carried him tenderly, as he went thinking over what he had heard. He laid him on the couch and his wife bathed his hurt head and forced a few drops of aromatic ammonia and water between his lips. It so happened that the Bartletts had gone some distance to visit a friend—to return next day—so the Harrises had the entire responsibility of the hurt boy.

'Oh, dear,' Mr. Harris complained, 'it costs twenty dollars to fetch a doctor to this out-of-the-world place, what had we best do? Harry may soon recover (although there are no signs yet), and then the twenty dollars would be wasted like; and he may be seriously hurt, and the twenty-dollar doctor the means of saving him. What do you advise?'

This question was addressed to Mr. Pringle, who had just come in at the door.

'I came in to tell you,' he answered, 'that I chanced to see Dr. Vernon at the depot yesterday. He said he was going to a place called "Tangle-bush," and would take the freight as it passed this evening.'

'Oh, that's quite providential,' said Mrs. Harris cheerfully, her husband adding, 'I'll ride over to the depot, and bring him on.'

Mrs. Harris was removing the hot mustard cloths she had wrapped round Harry's feet and legs, when Dr. Vernon and Mr. Harris rode hurriedly up. Harry was already beginning to come to, and he soon showed signs of recovery under the doctor's treatment.

Next morning Mrs. Bartlett came in in breathless haste. Tears were in her eyes, as she took Mrs. Harris's hand, saying, 'My poor boy—how shall I thank you—you of all people!'

Harry was able to be moved home that evening, and a very thankful little family retired to rest that night.

'Well, May, what was your Golden Text yesterday?' asked her mother as she kissed her good night.

'Blessed are the shoemakers,' she answered, half in a whisper, with half closed eyes.

Maude heard it, and bursting out laughing asked, 'Shoemakers, May?' The laugh and the question roused the little girl, and, collecting her sleepy wits, she argued, 'and don't shoemakers sew pieces?'

'The little girl must have heard Mr. Pringle speak the other text to the grown-ups,' her sister put in, 'The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.' He said it so often that I could not help learning it.'

When the children were all asleep that night, and the parents sat watching Harry, Mrs. Bartlett said gently,

'I think, Jess, we must let by-gones be by-gones. Nobody could have done more for Harry than did Mrs. Harris, and she met me in as friendly a way as possible!'

'Quess you're right, Mary, we won't think nothing more of the sheep, nor the larkspur seed, nor yet the story they got off on me of the coyote litters. It's not so very pleasant living on ill terms with the few and far-off neighbors we've got.'

'Both those stories, Jess, will turn out to be fancies of somebody's fertile brain—Mrs. Jansen's, perhaps, who sets out to be a feminine wag!'

'I was a Stranger and Ye Took Me in.'

('Michigan Advocate.')

Mrs. James walked up the garden path leading to the Rosencranz residence, and came very unexpectedly upon a small sobbing figure, which proved to be that of a ten-year-old girl, with a very tear-stained face and woe-begone aspect, who was almost hidden in a far corner of the veranda.

'Why, Lottie, my dear child, what is the matter?' Mrs. James exclaimed, at the unusual sight of gay, laughter-loving Lottie crying so broken-heartedly.

She drew the trembling little form toward her, and seating herself on a low chair, said: 'What is it? Can't I help you? Tell me all about it;' and Lottie, soothed and comforted, although still very far from quiet, poured out this incoherent story:

'Oh! it was so cruel, so cruel! It was so bad and hard and cruel—and they have taken her to the hospital—and she was so white—and the little girls are all alone, they haven't even a papa, and now they won't have a mamma, and what will they do?'

An outburst of sobbing followed, and Mrs. James was so entirely mystified that she began questioning Lottie until she had drawn out this sad story:

'The little girls are in my Sunday-school class. They have just come here and they don't know anyone. Their mother is a dressmaker, and they are all alone. She works hard, hard, all day long, because they told me she did; and they never see her only when she comes from the horrid shop, when she is very tired. They are very poor now, but once they were not. Their father was killed and they lost all their money, and'—here the sobs broke out afresh—'to-day I was coming home from school, and I saw their mother crossing the street with a big bundle, and all at once a rig came whirling around the corner and knocked her down and hurt her so that they took her to the hospital, and I don't know what I would do if I was left alone like that.'

Mrs. James, very much interested, said: 'Haven't they friends, Lottie?'

'You see, they just came, and they live in such a lonely place and keep by themselves, and I know they don't know anyone scarcely—but me,' she added, with a catch in her breath, 'and what can I do?'

'Where is your mother, my dear? Why haven't you told her?'

'She's away, I don't know where she is, and I want—to do something—so much—quick.' And Mrs. James, who was a very energetic little woman, took Lottie forthwith down the same garden walk she had walked up so short a time before, and into her carriage, which was soon in a very different part of the city, standing before a great red brick building, named 'Hospital.'

Lottie remained in the carriage until Mrs. James, who had made inquiries, came out with a sad, quiet, resolute face, which plainly told that she was forming a plan for not only one, but two 'of those little ones.'

The mother was very ill, and it would be long before she could go back to the poor little home. She was incapable of giving information about any arrangement for her children, and Mrs. James drove back to Lottie's home, endeavoring to think of some plan for them.

When within sight of the house, they were glad to see Lottie's mother sitting outside on the pleasant veranda, which was prettily covered with lace vine and other greenery. Mrs. James was soon seated beside her talking with her very earnestly, so earnestly that Lottie grew weary and ran about more like her own gay self in the garden, while the long, slanting sunbeams fell more and more slanting, until Mrs. James arose, saying: 'Well, Sarah, I believe as you do in practical Christian work; and we who have homes should share them. The shadow and loss that fell upon me (for of this the two women had been talking, and we cannot sympathize so well as when out of some kindred experience in our own past. It had so happened that, long ago, Mrs. James had lost a dear little daughter) and upon my home, causes me to be particularly tender towards children, especially those who must bear sorrow, loneliness and care so early.' And Mrs. James entered her carriage and was soon on her way to the street and number that Lottie had given her.

That night two little girls, instead of sobbing themselves to sleep on a foundling's home pillow with no tender heart and no loving mother-hand near to sooth them into forgetfulness, were gently tucked into bed and kissed by Mrs. James in her own home.

The convalescing mother, as the weeks passed on, feeling the healing balm of a quiet mind, grew steadily better, and who could measure her gratitude to the kind friend, who had read and pondered over and put into effect the words, 'I was a stranger and ye took me in?' Let us think daily of the thought so beautifully expressed by Alice Cary.

'And O my heart, my heart!
Be careful to go strewing in and out
Thy way with good deeds, lest it come about
That when thou shalt depart,
No low lamenting tongue be found to say,
The world is poorer since thou went'st away!
Thou shouldst not idly beat,
While beauty draweth good men's thoughts to prayer
Even as the bird's wing draweth out the air.
But make so fair and sweet
Thy house of clay, some dust shall spread about
When death unlocks the door and lets thee out.'

Only One Step.

(Christine C. Smith, in New York 'Observer.')

Ada Meredith was walking slowly along the city street, busy with troubling thoughts, when a cheery 'good morning' brought her to the knowledge that her Sunday-school teacher was at her side.

'Oh, Miss Goodsell, I'm so glad you've got home. I have been wanting to see you for the last fortnight.'

'It is pleasant to know I was missed,' returned the elder woman, smiling. 'Anything special that you want to see me about?'

'Yes,' said the girl; 'I am worried almost to death.' There was a quiver in the voice, but she went on, 'I want a good talk with you. You always know how to straighten out things.'

'Come right home with me,' said Miss Goodsell, sympathetically, and soon the two turned out of the bustling street into a quiet, elm-shaded avenue. They stopped at the door of a stately, old-fashioned house, and were let in by a servant.

'Now,' said the teacher, setting herself comfortably opposite her friend, 'what is the trouble?'

'It is the everlasting question of dollars and cents,' replied the girl, impatiently. 'It must be lovely to have a home like this, without a care of how the money is coming. But I did not come here to envy you,' she added, with a laugh. 'I am willing to work if I only knew what to do. You see, it is just this way; since father died there isn't much surplus money. With mother's embroidery we can barely scrub along—that's all. Well, I don't know whether I ought to keep on at the High school, it is my last year, you know, or go into Mr. Carpenter's store. Nellie Upham is to be married in October, and Mr. Carpenter says I can have her place if I want it. Of course the pay isn't large, but it would help a little. Then on the other hand, if I keep on at this school I shall stand a better chance to get a position as teacher, and so earn more in the long run. And what to do I don't know. Of course, I would rather go to school, but I don't mean to let my inclination influence me. If only the Lord would tell me what to do, I would do it, whether I wanted to or not; I would, truly, Miss Goodsell. I've thought and thought, and prayed and prayed, and I can't see my way any clearer now than I could at the start. And so I've come to you, though I suppose I ought not to bother you with my troubles.'

'My dear, it does not bother me, and I am glad you have come. Must you decide at once?'

'Oh, no; school does not begin for two months, and Nellie will stay at Mr. Carpenter's till the first of October. He said I need not hurry, but take my time and think it over.'

'Then if I were you I would not try to reach any decision at present, and when the time comes, God may make the way perfectly clear.'

'Oh, but, Miss Goodsell—'

The elder lady smiled. 'Your trouble is the trouble of most of us, we forget that we have to take but one step at a time. There is usually enough light for that; but instead of taking only that one, in the light that God gives us, we look ahead and, because we cannot see to take ten or perhaps a hundred steps at once, we say that God leaves us in the dark. Take your one step, Ada, and I feel sure that God will always show you where that step shall be taken. For instance, do you know what you ought to do to-day, now?'

'I ought to be home this minute helping mother get dinner,' said Ada, with a little smile.

'Then, go, dear, though that sounds impolite, and come to me again when there is nothing that needs you.'

'Well,' said the girl, with a long breath of relief, 'I will try not to worry, but—'

'Don't let there be any buts, just trust God with the whole thing. Do each hour, each moment, what seems best to be done then, and leave all else with Him.'

Ada smiled brightly. 'I believe I can,' she said. 'Only one step. I'll remember.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of July 5, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The King's Progress.—New York 'Daily Tribune.'
Albert, King of Saxony—'Manchester Guardian.'
A Hard Problem for the United States—'The Nation,' New York.
Cuba's Struggle—New York 'Evening Post.'
Mr. Seddon on Colonial Relations—'The Mail, London.
Prussia and the Poles—'The Times,' London.
The Uganda Protectorate—'Morning Post,' London.
Russia in China—'Commercial Advertiser.'
The Drought—'The Review of Reviews for Australasia.'
The Senate Panama Canal Bill—'Scientific American.'
The War Office Committee—By L. F. Austin, in the 'Illustrated London News.'
American Wives and English Housekeeping—By Annie E. Lane, in 'Fortnightly Review,' abridged.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A Joy For Ever—By the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, in 'St. George.'
Fourpenny Oils—'Commercial Advertiser.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Watcher in the Wood—Poem, by Dora Sigerson Shorter.
Leave-taking—Poem, by William Watson.
The Crying of the Water—Poem, by Arthur Symons.
Arms and the Man—'Academy and Literature,' London.
Mr. Watson's Coronation Ode—'Daily News' and 'Manchester Guardian,' 'The Times,' London, and Prof Edgeworth, of Oxford, in the 'Speaker.'
The Highland Exile—'The Weekly Scotsman.'
Another Improvement on Shakespeare—New York 'Evening Post.'
R. L. S.—'The Week's Survey.'
The Encyclopædia Britannica—'The Pilot,' London.
A View of Ibsen—By A. Maynard Butler, in 'The Contemporary Review.'
The Index and the Book—'Academy and Literature.'
The Story of a Strange Land Beyond Lake Winnipeg—Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Position of Women in Spain—'Fortnightly Review.'
Hickory Pine as a Forest Maker—By T. P. Lukens, in 'Forestry and Irrigation.'

'WORLD WIDE'
$1.00 a year.
Special rate to subscribers of the 'Messenger,'
Only 75 cents.
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'WITNESS' BUILDING,
Montreal.

Polly's Garden.

(Belle Sutfin Moore, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

Once upon a time there lived a little maid named Polly, and because she was Polly, she was of course dear and nice and jolly.

Polly's eyes were good to look upon. They usually looked as though she wanted to laugh very, very much indeed, but mustn't. And they made you feel like laughing, too. Only once, the time I am going to tell you about, the look in Polly's eyes was different.

Polly's nose, too, you should have seen that! 'Twas the happiest little nose alive. It might have been called a pug nose, but, anyway, it went well with Polly's eyes; and above all, or, below I suppose I should say, was a pretty, round chin in which lived a very independent little dimple.

Polly was independent, too. She liked to do things all her 'own self.' She didn't like to be told how to do things—she liked to just 'know how, alone'—and that is why she got in trouble with her garden.

One day Polly's papa was making garden. Papa's garden was planted with seeds of peas and beets and onions and radish and oh! lots of things that are good to eat; and Polly helped papa sow the seed and pat down the long rows.

Polly's mamma was planting seed, too. She didn't plant in her garden onions and beets and peas—only sweet peas; but she did plant a lot of things that Polly liked just as well.

There were pansies (oh, they were the things for Polly!) and phlox and mignonette and curled parsley for the border.

Polly was in ecstacy. Planting garden was all right. Why not have a garden of her own? her very very own that she could dig and plant and tend—a place where she could gather flowers as she chose, even for her make-believe parties or—anything.

With Polly to think was to do. With papa's help in the digging, a nice bed of earth was spaded and raked and patted down. With mamma's help in the furnishing a low wire netting was put around it, and the seeds were in Polly's possession.

She would have the centre balsams—pink and white and spotted

—those she would pick every day, and every day more would be ready for her. She would have a circle of phlox, phlox of all colors like the rainbow, those she would only pick Sundays and carry to Sunday school. Wouldn't she be gay, she thought, walking up the aisle, with a bunch of those phlox against her white dress? Then she would have a border of pansies; they would be for—for—most everything.

So she planted her seed.

Suggestions she didn't want. This garden was to be the crowning glory of mamma's lawn, and it was to be hers alone, just Miss Polly's, if you please. If mamma chanced to say, 'Polly, in your garden you ought to'—Polly would immediately cut her short with the most happy, 'Now, mamma, you just wait and in a few weeks I guess you'll be astonished.' Or if papa should say, 'Polly, in your garden you ought not'—he would immediately be put out with, 'O, papa! it will be a big surprise for you.'

Two or three days after Polly had planted her seed, she was ecstatic. Her garden was coming up. Little live things were pushing their heads above the soil and into the sunshine. A week later the space was all filled and she began her work in earnest—just so many were left in the centre, so many in a circle around them, and just so many for edging—'because,' she argued with herself, 'they mustn't be crowded.' So the little rake and hoe came into use and Miss Polly dug out every plant but her elect.

It seemed too bad she thought, to waste so many good plants and she even had thoughts of selling her extras to help with the missionary box. Wouldn't the Rev. Mr. Moses stare when she should bring him that money; but they wilted too soon and she decided to sell her flowers instead.

What a lot of them she would have bye and bye! And the laughing eyes and pug nose and dimpled chin all laughed together just to think of it.

Polly worked hard in her garden all her 'own self alone,' but advice she didn't want. How those plants

did grow! Why, they were fully two inches high before mamma's were beginning to peep above the ground; and how she did dig about them to keep them free from the weeds that would persist in coming up around them!

Every poor little seed that had lain hidden down in that particular plot of earth, that tried to push into the sunlight by the side of those plants was ruthlessly beheaded with the little hoe.

Polly never did anything by halves and that garden grew to be a wonder.

But one day Grandma Smith came. She came way from Pennsylvania to see mamma and papa and Polly. Grandma Smith had never seen Polly since she was a tiny, little baby; and then she had given her, her very own name. That's why Polly was called Polly. So you see it was a great event to the little girl, and to Grandma Polly the wonderful flower garden must be discovered.

They were standing hand in hand, looking at it—the big Polly and the little Polly—when suddenly Grandma Smith bent down and took one long, long sniff at those beautiful plants. Then she rose up and said, 'Why, childie, what's wrong here? Every one of these plants is catnip.'

And Grandma Polly's handkerchief arrived just in time to wipe away two little tears that stole down each side of the unhappy little nose, and hung, trembling, just under the dimple in the pitiful little chin.

And that was the time that the look in Polly's eyes was different.

What Edna's Grief Accomplished.

Little Edna had been to Sunday-school. She always went to Sunday-school unless she was sick, or something like that, and she loved to go.

And why shouldn't she like it, with her clean dress and clean hands, and clean, cheerful face that smiles lovingly into so many other clean, happy faces; and with all the pretty songs that she learned so easily, and with all the pretty cards and beautiful picture story papers that she could carry home; and with all of the kind words and loving greetings and sweet sympathy that their teacher, Miss Lovejoy, always had ready to scatter like rays of sunshine among them. Why shouldn't she love to go to Sunday-school? Of course she would.

And so when it came the hour for Sunday-school, and Miss Lovejoy was already in her place at the seats where her little sweethearts, as she sometimes called them, would gather, preparatory to going into 'the little room,' it would not be long until they would all be with her, and I am sure that most of them just wished that there were more sides to Miss Lovejoy, so that they could each of them sit next to her. But they had learned not to be rude about having the two coveted seats, one on either side of her. This matter had been quietly settled in this way: 'First come first served;' and so most of them were at Sunday-school early.

But to-day Edna was very thoughtful during lesson. She was always thoughtful and attentive, and scarce ever failed to recite the Golden Text without a slip.

But to-day she seemed not only thoughtful, but even sad.

Once or twice she turned her head away when Miss Lovejoy was talking over the story of the lesson; it was not because she was not paying attention that she turned away her head, but to hide a little tear that was stealing out of her great big blue eyes.

And Miss Lovejoy noticed her, and after the lesson was over tried to find out what it was that made Edna so sad, but Edna could not tell her, and so she just gave her a tender good-bye kiss, and breathed a prayer that God would wipe away the tears from little Edna's eyes. and tried in this way to lift the sympathetic sadness from her own heart.

When Edna got home she did not run to find mamma or papa to have them read the stories in the paper she had brought home, but ran to the bedroom and buried her face in her hands and sobbed as if her heart would break. And when dinner was ready, and she didn't come when mamma called in a cheery, ringing tone, 'Dinner!' mamma went into the bedroom to see why her little girl didn't come.

When she found Edna in her heart-broken grief she sat down and took her in her arms and said:

'What is it that troubles my dear little girl?'

At first it was hard for Edna to think of telling even mamma, but she knew her mamma loved her, and hoped her mamma might help her, though she could not see how, and so after a little she sobbed out in the most pitiful tones that a little girl of five summers ever had to use:

'My papa can't go to heaven! My papa can't go to heaven! My papa is a drunkard, and he can't go to heaven!'

And then mamma's tears began silently to mingle with the tears of her little girl, tears like those that had secretly fallen, oh, so many times, for the same cause, and—what should she say? Nothing. And so they wept.

And papa heard it all from his chair in his sitting-room. His head fell upon his breast, and his heart began to break. Almost as in a dreamed he heard:

'Can't go to heaven! Can't go to heaven! "My papa is a drunkard, and he can't go to heaven!'

And just then and there he remembered that was just what the Bible said about the drunkard. And—was he? Yes. He was a drunkard.

He wept and prayed; for he remembered a verse that had once been his Golden Text when he went to Sunday-school, when he was a boy: 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'

And—well, the dinner got cold, and they didn't any of them find it possible to eat, their hearts were full, but it was, oh, such a Sunday for Edna and her mamma and her papa, for from that day he became a new man.

And if ever his old taste for drink took him unawares, as it sometimes did, even years after, he would lift a prayer to God who saves even the drunkard who is penitent; and the tearful face and sobbing cry of little Edna, and the suppressed sorrow of Edna's mamma that found vent on that sad but blessed Sabbath, helped him to be true to his desire and vows.—'Wesleyan Advocate.'

Will I Won't Play.

(By Clinton Scollard.)

Wilful Willie I-Won't-Play
Always wants to have his way.
With him it is I or me,
Whatsoe'er the sport may be—
Prisoner's goal or pull-away—
Wilful Willie I-Won't-Play.

If another faster run
Though the game be just begun,
Then he'll pout and sulk and scowl,
Gloomy as a day-caught owl,
Spoil the whole glad holiday—
Wilful Willie I-Won't-Play.

Where's the boy would be like him,
Stout of arm and strong of limb,
Hearty as a sailor, yet
Ever in a selfish pet?
Shame upon his head, I say—
Wilful Willie I-Won't-Play.

LESSON IV.—JULY 27.

Worshipping the Golden Calf

Exodus xxxii., 1-35. Commit to memory verses 30-32.

Golden Text.

'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.'—Ex. xx., 3.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 21.—Exod. xxxii., 1-14.
Tuesday, July 22.—Exod xxxii., 15-24.
Wednesday, July 23—Exod. xxxii., 25-35.
Thursday, July 24.—Exod. xxxiv., 1-14.
Friday, July 25.—Deut. ix., 7-21.
Saturday, July 26.—I. Kings xii., 25-33.
Sunday, July 27—Psa. cvi., 7-23.

Lesson Text.

(1) And when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down out of the mount, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him. (2) And Aaron said unto them, Break off the golden earrings, which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me. (3) And all the people brake off the golden earrings which were in their ears, and brought them unto Aaron. (4) And he received them at their hand, and fashioned it with a graving tool after he had made it a molten calf: and they said, These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt. (5) And when Aaron saw it, he built an altar before it; and Aaron made proclamation, and said, To-morrow is a feast to the Lord. (6) And they rose up early on the morrow, and offered burnt offerings, and brought peace offerings; and the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play. (30) And it came to pass on the morrow, that Moses said unto the people, Ye have sinned a great sin: and now I will go up unto the Lord; peradventure I shall make an atonement for your sin. (31) And Moses returned unto the Lord, and said, Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold. (32 Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written. (33) And the Lord said unto Moses, Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book. (34) Therefore now go, lead the people unto the place of which I have spoken unto thee; behold, mine Angel shall go before thee; nevertheless, in the day when I visit, I will visit their sin upon them. (35) And the Lord plagued the people, because they made the calf, which Aaron made.

Suggestions.

This lesson sets forth human frailty in the case of Aaron, whose weakness and effort in generalship is full of instruction and in the case of the Israelites who did not keep the law which they had solemnly promised to obey. Moses as God's representative, filled with the spiritual light and love and power, gained from communion with God Almighty, reminds us of our Lord Jesus Christ in his climbing Mount Sinai to the near presence of God; delayed until the unbelieving thought he would never return; in his mighty spiritual leadership which divided the host of Israel into those who were on the Lord's side and those who were enemies to goodness. Ps. xviii., 32-43. In the judgment of sinners, Luke xix., 27. In his indignation at sin; in his intercession, yearning over the people with a love which made him unable to rejoice in good which they could not share, unable to separate his own being from theirs. This lesson explains the verse quoted by Stephen, Acts vii., 37. A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you like unto me.

With reverence by those who do not wish to injure the young. They should be learned, taught and followed in the light of the teachings of Jesus and the Holy Spirit. Matt. v., 17-19; Matt. xvi., 31.

This lesson is interesting as a commentary upon the second commandment. No object of worship or symbol is permitted. God cannot allow the thought or idea of himself to be limited and perverted, in time corrupted, by the use of any medium except the blessed Son of God, who was the revelation of himself. Graven and molten symbols of God's attributes are dealt with. The influx of masses of ignorant foreigners are not so much to be dreaded in America if the young are trained to know and observe the ten commandments as obligatory. The law leads up to Christ, and Christ reveals in his subjects the love which explains and makes possible the keeping of the law. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor, wherefore love is the fulfilling of the law.

The lesson of worshipping a calf of gold reminds a teacher of the words, 'Covetousness which is idolatry.' Gold worship will result in spiritual death unless it can be made to purge the worshipper of all liking for it.

While God was preparing honor for Aaron as high priest, he was himself proving his own unfitness and need of an intercessor and a real anointing of God's Spirit. Seek first the preparation of the heart. His taking the people's jewels or wealth was not approved; they were weakened thus before their enemies, and not made more pleasing to God. Sacrifice and offering was always rejected by God when sin was in the heart. All the gold in the world cannot atone for one small lie. The God of truth and holiness cannot be bought with money to allow sin Contrition brings confession of sin and a changed life. Aaron's prevarication, superstition, idea of allowing the people to use the calf and so save his life and tide over the insurrection until his brother, the mighty prophet and leader, should arrive, shows the heathen training in Egypt and should comfort those who, like the mother of Moses, have to lose sight of their sons. The son she committed to God was trained by God. The son she trained herself failed. Put arms of faith round the absent dear one, separated by Providence and God will find means to teach, lead and bless until presented blameless before the throne with exceeding joy.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 27.—Topic—Missions: a meeting in the interest of medical missions. 'Preach, heal.' Matt. x., 7, 8.

Junior C. E. Topic.

WHY ARE YOU UNHAPPY?

Mon., July 21.—God is with you. Ex. xxxiii., 14.

Tues., July 22.—God gives gladness. I. Cor. xvi., 27.

Wed., July 23—God gives safety. Ps. v., 11.

Thu., July 24.—God gives guidance. Ps. xxiii., 2.

Fri., July 25.—God gives confidence Isa. xii., 2.

Sat., July 26.—God gives satisfaction. Jer. xxxi., 14.

Sun., July 27.—Topic—Why are you ever unhappy? John xvi., 24.

The Sunday School Messenger Service.

New ideas are springing into being everywhere. In carrying on the work of the Home Department messengers are used to carry literature and other supplies to the members. The idea is now enlarged by the Indiana S. S. Association. But we will let their plan explain itself:

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

A Parable.

The half-holiday movement both in Canada and the United States is proving a potent ally of temperance and religion. The high pressure and constant strain of modern life demands more relaxation than the slower and more easy-going pace of twenty years ago. A friend recently related an incident connected with the introduction of the half-holiday in a large manufacturing establishment in Birmingham, England, which illustrates what we mean.

Before its introduction the men were paid on Saturday night, spent a large proportion of their earnings in drink, and were often absent from work on both Monday and Tuesday. One man, who was notorious for this loss of time, thus describes the change wrought by the Saturday half-holiday:

'Hello,' says the manager, 'how is it you are back again on Monday?'

'Well, you have no objection, I hope.'

'No; very glad to see you but how does it come?'

'Well, I'll tell you. It's this way. When I got paid off Saturday noon, I couldn't go to the public-house all grime and dirt, so I went home for a wash and clean up. The wife had a good dinner ready, which I enjoyed more than any meal for a month of Sundays. After dinner I said "Would 'ee like to go to the park?" "That I would," said she. "Well, bring the kids, and we'll go, and off we went by tram to the park. The kids rolled on the grass, and Mary and I strolled along the paths. We bought some buns and soft drinks (hard stuff isn't good for the wife and kids, you know), and had the best holiday I have had for years.

'Next day, instead of being frowsy and drowsy after a spree, I felt as fresh as a daisy, and, do you know, I went to church with Mary for the first time since I don't know when. And a right good sermon the parson gave us, and here I am rested body and mind, and ready for another week's work. And what do you suppose the whole outing cost us?'

'Well, I don't know. Not more than your Saturday night's drink, I am sure.'

'No, indeed, nor quarter as much. It was only two and six for the whole bloomin' outing, and I had forty shilling to give the wife, whereas often I didn't have more than ten shillings. All the rest was spent in drinking treats.'

This is but a type of the moral reform that in multitudes of cases has been wrought by the substitution of the half-holiday and the noon-day payment instead of six days' work and payment on Saturday night. Experience has shown, with the clearer brain, stronger nerves, secured by the half-holiday and the Sunday's rest, the men do more work and better work in the five and a half days than they did in six.—'Onward.'

What The Masters Say.

If the pledge had been offered me when I was a boy in Sabbath-school, I should have been spared those seven dreadful years.—John B. Gough.

It is a common belief that a drink of whiskey or brandy is warming, but the reverse is the fact. Alcohol dilates the blood vessels of the surface, and so makes the skin feel warm, but at the same time radiation of heat from the surface is increased and the temperature of the body is lowered. The action of alcohol is also to lower the vital processes by causing a slow oxidation of the waste products. The mere fact of its interference with the oxidation of the tissues of the body causes a depression of the vital forces, and so of the resisting power of the organism to invasion by disease germs. And here practice supports theory, for it is a fact of common observation that under equal conditions of exposure, the habitual drinker almost always succumbs sooner than the abstainer.—'Youth's Companion.

Correspondence

Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I find the 'Messenger' a comfort, for I had to leave school because mother has been ill for a long time. I am fourteen years old, my birthday is on August 2. I have four sisters and one brother. My brother is married and also two of my sisters. I used to live on a farm in the country, but we moved to the city recently, and we like it well. E. M. T.

Kirkdale, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—The 'Daughters of the Empire' gave a social, and we children helped. We had all the sugar we wanted to eat. First we had a part of the programme, then we had the sugar after. Then we finished the programme. Mr. Wright is our minister. It was eleven o'clock before we got home.

HORACE L. (aged 11).

Birchton, Que.

Dear Editor,—I will write a letter to the 'Messenger,' as I have never written one before. We have taken the 'Messenger' for about five years. My father has a farm and I have two brothers and two sisters besides myself. We were all born in California, Germantown, but our youngest brother is a Canadian. My mother is a German and my father is a French Canadian, and now lives in the place he was born in. We have a little collie dog, he is very smart, but he has not much manners. The superintendent in our Sunday-school is Mr. J. L. Taylor, and we all like him very much, and the teacher that teaches us in our class is Mrs. J. L. Taylor, his wife. We would rather have her than any other teacher. There are eight scholars in our class.

ELSIE S. (aged 11.)

Wilbur, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I live on a farm. I have eight sisters but no brothers. For pets I have a cat, a dog and a hen. I call my dog Tess and my cat Minnie; she is eighteen years of age. I do not go to school, as I had my foot taken off last summer in Kingston General Hospital, but when I left I was in the second reader. I have two dolls; I call them Annie and Reta. I wish some little girl of my own age would write to me. My address is:— EDNA JONES,

Wilbur, Ont.

Maynooth P.O., Mink Lake, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl of 14, and I never wrote before to the 'Messenger,' although my mamma has been taking it for a year. I have four sisters and one brother. I never went to school, but would like to, and when I am older I would like to be a dressmaker and milliner. We live only a few steps from Mink Lake. I wonder if any other girl has the same birthday as I. It is on November 7. I am five feet 2 inches tall. I would like it if 'Snow Shoes' would write to me and I would answer her letter. My address is:— MISS ELIZABETH WATT,

Maynooth P.O., Mink Lake, Ont.

Braeside, Que.

Dear Editor,—Quite a number of my schoolmates and I made up our minds that we would write to the 'Messenger.' I go to school two miles from home, and walk every day except rainy days, when I drive myself. We have a real good time at school, as our teacher is very nice, and then we play Blind Man's Buff, Pussy in the Corner, walnuts, ball and tag at recess and noon. We have no dog at present, but used to have one about a foot and a half high, and about three feet long. It was so ugly we killed it. I had a cat, but it died long ago. I was very lonesome for it. I have three dolls named Polly, Zela and Alexandra, after our Queen.

We have fifteen hens and six cows and two horses and a pair of oxen, with great long horns. I dislike any kind of house work except washing windows and cleaning lamps. I have one brother and three sisters.

ALLIE C.

Partridge Hill, N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from the boys and girls around here I thought I would write you one. We live about seven miles from Fort Saskatchewan. My papa came here eight years ago with a car-load of settlers effects. We have half a section of land. The school-house is across the road from our place. We have church and Sunday school in the school-house every Sunday. I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday. I like it very much. We have a nice Sunday-school. We generally have about sixty scholars every Sunday. The Presbyterians are going to build a church this summer close to the school. We have a nice library and an organ in the school. The organ is nice for Sunday-school or church, and when we have entertainments. At our last Christmas entertainment we made over forty dollars. At Christmas there was such a number that they could not all get in. I have two brothers and one sister and two little sisters dead. I was eleven years old on the seventeenth of February. I have been in the fourth reader over two years and am going to try for the fifth this summer. HAZEL G.

Minesing, Ontario.

Dear Editor,—I have been going to write to you for a long time, but this is the first letter I have written. I have for pets a hen and four chickens, but the chickens do not belong to the hen. My grandma just died a little while ago, and we miss her very much. I have no sisters or brothers, as lots of little girls have that write, but I have a little sister dead, her name was Hazel.

EDNA J. (aged 10.)

Kingston, Mich.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a letter to thank you for the Bible you sent me. I thought it very nice, and my friends that I showed it to, did too. Some of them are going to try and get a club of four that they may get one too. We like the 'Northern Messenger,' and those I got to take it like it very much. We live on a farm called Fairview Stock Farm. We raise nearly all kinds of stock and fruit. I go to day and Sunday-school. I belong to the Methodist Episcopal church. All my grandparents lived in England, but they are all dead now. All of us children were born in Canada, excepting my youngest brother and sister and myself. MINNIE E.

Murray River, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school. I like it very much, especially the correspondence. I have two sisters, Maggie and Myra. I am the eldest, I am fourteen; my birthday is July 26, the same as Elsie R. M. I go to school and study reading, spelling, composition, British and Canadian history, geography, grammar, Latin and arithmetic. Our teacher's name is Mr. R. Campbell. I think the story about 'A little child shall lead them,' was very nice. Also Walter's speeches, and Richard R. S. had a very interesting letter.

SADIE J. K.

Fox Harbor, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Someone sent me the 'Messenger' for a year, so I thought I would write. I like the 'Messenger' very much, it is a good paper, and so patriotic. I take the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' too. Have any of the correspondents read 'The Man from Glengarry,' by Ralph Connor? I am reading it as a serial in the 'Family Herald,' and think it is a fine story. Mother likes it too. I am very fond of reading, and have read a great many books. Has any one the same birthday as myself—October 16? I was eighteen last fall. Are there any correspondents in Tatamagouche, N.S.? I have friends there. Also, will the girl who wrote from West New Annan write again and give her full name? I know some people there. Please give my full name with this.

CHRISTINA JEAN McIVOR.

Oakland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a large wood and I often go down and gather flowers. I have three sisters and no brothers. I am the youngest. For pets I have a dog called Sandy. I would like to correspond with Christina M. D., of Libbytown, P.Q., if she would please write first. Her birthday is the same day as mine. My address is:—

ADA NELLES,

Oakland, Ont.

Pugwash, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen many letters from Pugwash, I thought I would write one. I live on a farm two miles from the village of Pugwash. I like to go to school. My teacher's name is Miss J. Mitchell. She boards at our place. I am in grade seven and I expect to grade this year. I am eleven years old and my birthday is on the fourth of July. We have five cows and I milk two of them. We have two horses and seven little pigs, and I guess I will stop now. Please put this in print.

E. D. M.

Strathcona, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Strathcona is a small village situated on the Napanee river. There are large cement mills and a paper mill here, two Sunday-schools, English church and Methodist church. I go to the latter, and get the 'Northern Messenger.' We have a very nice school. I saw in the 'Messenger' if I sent four new subscribers you would send me a Bagster Bible, so I take pleasure in sending four new subscribers. I also send you names of twelve boys and girls who would like copies of the 'Messenger.'

ARTHUR R.

Shelburne, Ont.

Dear Editor,—After seeing so many nice letters I thought I would write one. I get the 'Messenger' and like it very much, especially the correspondence, and the Little Folk's page. I go to school every day, and our teacher's name is Miss Ella Lang. We all like her very much. I am in the second book and intend to get into the third next winter. I also go to Sunday-school and like our teacher very much. I have two brothers younger than myself, their names are Clifford and Charlie. For pets I have two calves and four cats, the calves' names are Bonty and Mary, and the cat's names are Tip, Tabby, Topsie, Tom. One day as I was reading I noticed a letter from James B., who said that his birthday was on Dec. 3, the same day as mine.

T. U. T. (aged 8).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Letters received from the following were not quite interesting enough to publish:—R. B. MacL., Christine Watt, Greta M. Lunn, A. McKinnon, N. Stapenhill, Nellie Biss, Minnie Hasselfeldt, Bertha H. C., Eunice E. B., Maggie C. M., Duncan Ramsey, Mary Blakesley, Annie Maud Johnston, Elda Parsons, Maggie Eldie Parsons

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

ON TRIAL TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

From date. {'Weekly Witness,' 'World Wide.'} To the end of the year.

Both papers to any address in Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs) or the United States,

ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, - - Montreal, Canada.

HOUSEHOLD.

'Tiss Me Dood-night.'

'Pease, mamma, pease, tiss me dood-night.'
  My blue-eyed love, with sunny curls,
Stood pleading 'tween her sobs and tears,
  I said 'I can't kiss naughty girls.'

I led her to her snowy cot.
  'Pease, mamma, pease,' she sobbed again,
'I won't be naughty any more,'
  I left her, all her pleadings vain.

I had been reared in Spartan school
  And deemed it duty to control
With rigid rule, nor never knew
  That love with love should sway the soul.

I heard her sob, my mother heart
  With yearning filled, to soothe and cheer,
Yet I refrained, and in her sleep
  My baby still lay sobbing there.

'Twas midnight when I felt a touch—
  A fever'd hand lay on my brow,
My white-robed baby pleaded still,
  'Pease, mamma, pease; I can't s'eep now.'

All through that agonizing night
  Delirious she moaned in pain,
The little broken heart still plead
  For kisses that I gave in vain.

At dawn the angels hovered near;
  She nestled close and smiled and said:
'I won't be naughty any more,'
  And in my arms my babe lay—dead.

And I am old; the passing years
  Have brought no comfort in their flight
My heart still hears that sobbing cry,
  'Pease, mamma, pease, tiss me dood-night.'

Miss Farmer's Doughnuts.

Miss Farmer's receipt for doughnuts is unlike any I ever found in a cook book. It calls for cream of tartar, soda and sour milk, a seeming contradiction to the skilled cook, yet the result is a doughnut so crisp, so tender, so delicious and so wholly free from that dread quality, grease-soaking, that I fancy a cook who once tries it will always follow the rule when doughnuts are in demand.

Miss McPherson's little lecture on doughnuts and fat-fried foods was interesting. 'This is one of the very rare receipts,' she said, 'where you will find a combination of soda, cream of tartar and sour milk. The soda is generally considered all that is needed to take care of the sour milk, but doughnuts to be eatable must be light, very light indeed, hence the cream of tartar. Then you will notice there is very little butter, only half a tablespoonful, and one egg. The ordinary doughnut receipt calls for too many eggs. If you find second day doughnuts growing very dry you may depend on it they have too much flour in them or too much egg. Sour milk makes the best doughnuts as well as the best gingerbread and batter cakes. They are more tender and keep moist longer than if sweet milk and baking powder were used.

'You hear a man talk of the doughnuts his mother used to make. You may be sure they were sour milk doughnuts, for her baking was done in the days before baking powder came into use, and probably they were good, much better than some of the dry, grease-soaked doughnuts of to-day. You must be as sparing of butter as of egg in doughnuts, for grease will soak grease. Another thing you must remember about good old dainties is to fry them long enough, and not to have the lard so hot they will brown quickly. Croquettes, fish balls and foods of that sort made of material already cooked do not need so much time in the fat as doughnuts. They simply want to brown and get heated to the core; doughnuts need cooking.

'This receipt is almost too large for a lesson; it makes doughnuts enough for a household with half a dozen hungry boys, so we will divide it by two. It is not easy to divide the egg, so we will choose the smallest egg in the basket.'

The receipt divided reads thus: Two cupfuls of flour, three-fourths teaspoonful salt, three-fourths teaspoonful cream of tartar, one-fourth tablespoonful butter, one-half cupful sugar, one-half cupful sour milk, one egg, one-fourth teaspoonful nutmeg and cinnamon.

The sifted flour was put in a bowl with the salt, soda, cream of tartar and spices. The butter was rubbed in finely with the fingers. The sugar was added, then the well beaten egg and the sour milk. It was stirred into a soft dough and tossed out on a well floured kneading cloth, patted and rolled to one-fourth of an inch thickness. The doughnuts were then cut, fried in deep fat, turned as soon as they came to the top, lifted by a fork passed through the ring and drained on brown paper.—In 'Good Housekeeping.'

Things To Strive After in Dress.

The things a girl should take great pride in are a sufficient supply of good underclothing—not cheap lace-and-ribbon things, but well-made, neatly trimmed, entirely whole snow-white garments; good shoes, spotless collars, and a gown that fits and is unsoiled. To grieve or feel ashamed because a dress is not in the latest style; to be ready to stay at home because a skirt is too full or a sleeve too large; to wear a fine gown when the money could help to lighten home toil or educate a young brother or sister—these are things which show that a girl has lost her independence and is no longer able to live her own life according to the principles she knows are high and true.

There are many young women sick at heart over deprivations which they see their parents bearing; anxious both for their own improvement and for the instruction of their juniors—who literally dare not take their earnings to help either themselves or those they love because they dread the comments which may be made on a dress which is old-fashioned, or a jacket that 'looks as if it came out of the ark.' The very innermost heart may long for the book or magazine they pass every morning on a corner stand, but the 'must have' is a satin stock trimmed with gold braid!

EARN THIS

Elegantly engraved watch, with fully guaranteed works, by selling only 2 doz. packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes $1.00 worth of a delicious, sparkling summer drink. Everybody buys. Write for Powders. Sell them, return $2.40 and receive this handsome reliable timepiece, postpaid. HOME SUPPLY CO., BOX 491 TORONTO.

44-PIECE TEA SET

FREE 44-Piece China Tea Set—12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated. A Regular $5.00 Set. Given for selling only 3 doz. packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 Glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, Summer Drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants, and so cheap that everybody buys it. Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money and we ship this magnificent 44-piece Tea Set. THE HOME SUPPLY CO., BOX 156 TORONTO.

FREE

FREE BICYCLE

FREE

Lady's or Gent's. Don't pay a cent for a good safety bicycle when you can get one good as new for nothing. We are giving them away absolutely free for selling only 3 doz. packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it. Our Bicycles are a marvel of strength and beauty. The biggest dealer in the country could not furnish you with their equal new at less than $50.00. They have seamless steel tube enamel frames, excellent Pneumatic tires, comfortable saddles neat handle bars and genuine faultless ball bearings throughout. Every wheel we send out is fully guaranteed. Here is a chance of a lifetime. Don't miss it. Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money and we will ship you a splendid Lady's or Gent's Bicycle same day money is received. All we ask is that you will show it to all your friends and tell them how you got it. HOME SUPPLY CO., BOX 471 TORONTO, ONT.

NORTHERN MESSENGER
(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y., or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

In all correspondence with advertisers in these columns, kindly mention the 'Messenger.' This will oblige the publishers of this paper as well as the advertiser.

In every town and village may be had, the Mica Axle Grease that makes your horses glad.

Made by Imperial Oil Co.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

FREE SILVERWARE 26 PIECES 1 Sugar Shell, 1 Butter Knife, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Forks, 6 Tablespoons, solid Alaska Silver, guaranteed for 50 years, richly engraved handles, also 6 all-steel silver-plated Knives. The entire 26 pieces given absolutely free for selling only 2½ doz. packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it. Write for Powders. Sell them, return $2.40 and receive this splendid Set, free. HOME SUPPLY CO., Box 482 Toronto

BOYS! PLAY BALL

FREE SPALDING OUTFIT

Genuine Spalding Ball, Spalding Ash Bat Spalding Catcher's Mask, Spalding Baseball Cap and Spalding Catcher's Glove, all given free for selling only 20 packages of Coronation Nectar Powders at 10c. each. Each package makes 20 Glasses ($1.00 worth) of a delicious, cool, refreshing, healthful, summer drink. The newest thing out. Something everybody wants and so cheap that everybody buys it. Write for Powders. Sell them, return the money, and we send this Genuine Spalding Baseball Outfit. THE HOME SUPPLY CO., Box 486 Toronto

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'